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ALCANDRIANA.

No. II.

WE proceed to present to our readers a further selection of the fragments of the young gentleman mentioned in our last, whom we shall in future distinguish by the name of Alcander.

The present extracts are taken without much order of arrangement from several works which

he left behind him, on a variety of subjects, connected with religion, morals, & general literature.

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....."Before the path of an author there are so many discouragements, that it requires the exertion of every nerve, boldly to cope with his difficulties. He must be content to know that labor & perseverance must assist in paving the way to eminence. The noblest efforts of human genius can only succeed, so as to excite the esteem & the admiration of mankind, by the exercise of the most unwearied toil. The eye of true literary ambition never slumbers nor sleeps. The Argus gaze of detraction and slander serves only to render his march the more illustrious, and his exertions the more wonderful. The grandeur of his exploits involves him in a cloud of intolerable splendor, & he leaves at length this earthly scene, amid a 'blaze of glory,' which countless ages

only make more dazzling."....

....."When I look back on the past;— when I recall the visions of things that have been;— when the eye of imagination glances over in one retrospective view all those that lived to be great, and have died honored by mankind;— my spirit seems to sink within me, and the ~~ego~~ insignificance of my own pretensions to rise up in formidable opposition to all my endeavors. The halo of immortality yet shines on the tombs of the mighty dead; and the hand that would dare to light ~~its~~ its torch at such a source, must tremble lest it wither in the attempt, or share with Prometheus the forfeit of the glorious theft."...

....."Lovely as the dreams of ambition appear, their fallaciousness is always evident. Fringed with bright and variegated hues, they float like

the clouds of summer's evening, scattered into every shape, and tinctured with every beauty. But they are followed by night; the hues of glory cannot last; they fade, they die upon the aching sight, and while the eye endeavors to give shape to their forms, they vanish from before it."....

...."I have often thought with what delight a disembodied spirit must traverse created space. In the solitude of night, I have often imagined myself stripped of every earthly encumbrance, and careering my way on high. Far above the influence of earth, I have pursued my flight along the arches of the heavens, and listened to the immortal chorus of the rolling spheres. I have seen them wheel their orbs through space, obedient to the laws of their creation, & marking light & lustre wherever they advanced. I have fled afar to worlds "unknown to mortal ken"; to regions

which have baffled the gaze of the astronomer; I have roved along the studded galaxy, and basked in the noon-tide ray of other more resplendent suns. Pleased, yet perplexed amid the infinite variety that presented itself, I have come again towards earth. I have tasted the liquid ~~Nectar~~ Ambrosia of the rainbow's arch; I have floated gossamer-like upon the ~~balmy~~ undulations of the breeze, or ridden triumphant upon the wings of the tempest. I have smiled above the lightnings of heaven, or slumbered on the purple mantle of the morning. But I have awaked from vision, and found I was yet a mortal - tied to earth, and incapable of such lofty aspirations."...

....."Over the darkness of the invisible world, providence has seen fit to throw ~~and~~ a veil impenetrable by mortal eye. It were impious for us to seek to unravel those mysteries

which heaven has not seen fit to reveal to us. Over every thing connected with them, there hangs a feeling of horror which makes us shudder. The gloom of the ~~upon~~ cemetery, the very darkness of the night, the wan imagings of the moon-beams upon the dusky clouds, the struggling radiance of the stars when the skies are wrapt in storms, — all tell something more than they appear. They seem peopled with forms which are not our own; with shapes, which we cannot define, but ~~the~~ of which ~~of~~ our minds have some confused conception. The gaze of terrified imagination has seen uncouthly things invisible to all beside. The billows of the tempestuous ocean have been bestrode by shapes of no mortal mould. The calm repose of the waters at twilight has been disturbed by spiritual intruders. The breeze of midnight has murmured with music not its own; the gala

and the hurricane have re-echoed voices from the upper air. Yea - even the domestic hearth, the silent couch, have been visited by spectres, whose unnatural glare froze the beholder into death. The spirits of friends long lost, & long deplored, have drawn back the foldings of the curtain, and blasted mortality with the visions of eternity. Is it all imagination? Is it all the fantasy of the overwrought brain, the delusions of night-mare madness? — What are the shrieks, & the wailings, the boding cries, the ominous appearances, the spectral forms, that we are so often told of? They seem to me something more; they seem like the whisperings of immortality to earthly weakness. — Hark! what noise was that? ..... The pen I despise unman me ..... I will write no more ....."

....."Sympathy is not the attribute of every mind. Some there are, who never experience it, while others are painfully alive to all its feelings. But the tear of misery never knows perfect sympathy. No man can enter into the sensations of another with that entire knowledge of them, which is requisite: The mourner therefore prefers to hide his sorrows in his own breast. The minute shades of his character are totally unknown to the rest of mankind; the finer fibres of the heart are always individual in their possession."

....."Whoever places implicit confidence in mankind, and neglects to act for himself, is deceived. The cold grasp of calculating interest withers every feeling of the heart. Every man lives for self alone. He feels no throbbings of affection towards his fellow-beings, if they involve the

sacrifice of a single convenience, the friend that fawns and flatters in prosperity, when the heavens are fair, and the waters calm, shrinks when the scene is changed. Few indeed are the hearts that remain faithful through every chance & tide of life. Few are the friends who when they can receive nothing more will not turn and rend the bosom where they were cherished." —

....." To know what pleasure is, we must have experienced pain. To be alive to the sensations of enjoyment, we must have known what it was to be miserable. We cannot indeed conceive of the happiness of beings which have not fallen; but we can imagine that the joys of heaven with regard to ourselves will be greatly enhanced by the recollection of past sufferings....

....." With regard to beauty – what is it ? – We all speak of it as a thing ~~with~~ which we are all acquainted, and yet we have but a vague and indefinite notion of its nature. Almost every man attaches a different idea to it; its modifications are innumerable, and its forms various as the minds of men. What one man esteems beautiful, another pronounces deformed. In vulgar acceptation, whatever is agreable is pronounced beautiful. Thus we hear people speaking of beautiful landscapes, beautiful women, beautiful poetry, & beautiful music. Now certainly there is a different